PITTSBURG,

AN O'ER TRUE TALE,

time to break in on the celebration of his own funeral rites; for, by his own contriving, the news of his supposed death has got abroad. For this Hamlet had a purpose, revealed later on. The funeral least is, of course, turned into one congratulatory. Hamlet joins the festivities, makes his companions dead drunk, fastens them down to the floor where they lay, and then coolly sets the palace afire. He then hastens to the apartment of Fengo, rouses that guilty personage from his sicen, and then—for the

personage from his sleep, and then—for the hour long deferred of his vengeance is come

-slays him in the most approved dramatic

This done, Hamlet, by a clever speech, turns the popular feeling in his favor and reigns in his uncle's stead. Matters being thus adjusted in Denmark, Hamlet sets out on his return to Britain. But here trouble awaits him. The British monarch has

eretly sworn to avenge the death of Fengo.

But how keep his oath? To slay his own royal son-in-law was a difficult, not to say a

rather delicate matter. The King resorts to

rather delicate matter. The King resorts to stratagem. There reigned in Scotland at this time a maiden Queen named Herman-truda, a fierce, bold virgin, who rescuted offers matrimonial by chopping off the heads of her suitors. To her Hamlet was sent as envoy extraordinary to solicit her hand in marriage for the British King, lately a widower in the hope that she would make

widower, in the hope that she would make the usual end of him as proxy to proposals of marriage. Then would Fengo be avenged. But the astute monarch had again counted without his host. Hamlet indeed goes to

tion. She, struck by his martial bearing, hints that did he woo her for himself he might save his own neck and gain her hand

SO HE SAVED HIS NECK.

Now, Hermantruda was as fair as she was fierce; the too susceptible Dane jumps at her proposal, and, forgetful of ties in the south, marries her forthwith with the great-

est good will and moral obliquity. With unsurpassed, and, one micht say, unsurpassable "cheek," he then returns to Britain accompanied by his new-made wife. And with unsurpassed, and unsurpassable magnamity, wife No.-1 meets him en route, pre-

pared to forgive not only her recreant lord and husband, but wife No. 2 as well. She

hints, however, that her father is not quite so well disposed, and, in fact, a war ensues, in

which the British King is slain.

Hamlet then returns to Jutland in com-

pany with his two wives; finds that his maternal grandfather is dead, and that his

successor, Wigleth, in full possession of his own particular province. In the conflict that follows Hamlet is slain, and Herman-truda straightway becomes the wife of the

conquering Wigleth, a position to which she is said to have treacherously aspired

and as treacherously achieved.

MARK F. GRISWOLD.

TALMAGE'S FIRST CIGAR.

The Great Preacher's Description of What

the first time we owned a cigar, our feelings

of elation, manliness, superiority and an-

ticipation can scarcely be imagined, save by

termination to the utmost. You see that our worldly means had limited us to a qual-

ity that cost only 3 cents. But we had been

taught that nothing great was accomplished

without effort, and so we puffed away. In-deed, we had heard our older brothers in

their Latin lessons say, omnia vincet labor

make anything go, you must scratch for it.

the village street and out toward our coun-

try home. Our head did not feel exactly

right, and the street began to rock from side to side, so that it was uncertain to us

which side of the street we were on. So we

crossed over, but found ourself on the same

side that we were on before we crossed over

Indeed, we imagined that we were on both

sides at the same time, and several fast teams driving be-tween. We met another boy who asked us

why we looked so pale, and we told him we did not look pale, but that he was pale him-

self. We sat down under the bridge and began to reflect on the prospect of early

decease, and on the uncertainty of all earth-

worth of our money, but were obliged to

throw three-fourths of it away, yet knew

just where we threw it in case we felt better

the next day.

Getting home, the old people were fright-

ened, and demanded that we state what kept us so late, and what was the matter with us.

Not feeling that we were called to go into particulars, and not wishing to increase our

parents' apprehension that we were going to

turn out badly, we summed up the case with

the statement that we felt miserable at the

pit of the stomach. We had mustard plas-ters administered, and careful watching for

our disappointment and humiliation

some hours, when we fell asleep and forgot

being obliged to throw away three-fourths

NOISE IN THE CITIES.

A Good Chance For Some Politician Who

Out of a Job.

tion which will appear most striking to the

social historian of future generations, re-

marks the London Truth, is our tolerance

of noise in our great cities. The Salvation

Army band, the Italian organ-grinder, the newsboy, who bawls his chief piece of intel-ligence within half a yard of the helpless passer-by; the gangs of roughs who are per-

to shout and yell as they perambulate the streets when decent people are in bed. All these are nuisances, which a small

amount of care might repress, and the re-pression of which, while it would increase

the comfort of vast numbers, would leave every important liberty of the citizen un-

curtailed. Is there no politician out of work who will undertake to enter upon a crusade

against noise? To find London a Babel of

discords, and to leave it a city in which the

possessor of sensitive ears need no longer re-gret having been born, would be an achieve-ment which would both deserve and earn

We believe that the defect in our civiliza

the cigar all up and thus get the

which translated means, if you want to

With these sentiments we passed down

those who have had the same sensation.

Happens to Nearly Every Boy. The time had come in our boyhood which

Scotland and interviews the lady in

in the bargain.

TROUBLE FROM BRITAIN.

KILLING A MASTODON

An Imaginative Sketch of the Monongahela Valley in Prehistoric Times.

CAMP AT M'KEE'S ROCKS.

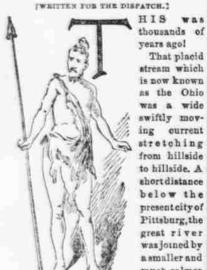
A Sail Up the Ohio Among Fierce Monsters of Ages Gone.

FORESTS WHERE THIS CITY NOW IS

The Mammal Found in the Swamps Along Smithfield Street.

FIERCE BATTLE ENDED NEAR THE POINT

MORNING IN THE VILLAGE.



Pittsburg, the great river was joined by a smaller and much calme stream flow-An Early Pittsburger. south. On the lower bank of the latter and right in the shadow of a hill, probably 150 feet in height, was a clearing in which a

large and populous village of primitive be-

ings had been located. It is the hour of sunrise and the tired children of men are still slumbering. As the great red-golden orb leaps above the eastern hills, it throws a warm bright glare down the valley, and lights up the rude wooden habitations, which are of a strange and peculiar construction. Here and there along the shore are posts from which hang long lines of fishing nets, and in the vicinity are scattered fishing spears, stone-axes, pieces of pottery, quaintly woven baskets and many other objects of rade, but serviceable workmanship.

In the eddy caused by the sharply rounded curve of the shore are floating a little fleet of canoes of a very rough pattern; mere logs, in fact, that have been hollowed out by axe or fire. Hardly has the sun risen wholly to view when the villagers begin to issue from their dwellings, and in a short time the scene is tull of life. Both men and women are clothed in the skins of beasts, ds and reptiles, and in some cases even the bark of trees has been utilized. The women busy themselves in the preparation of the morning meal, which men make read may's hunting or fishing expedition in search

of food for the community.

At this juncture a wild shout is heard from the dense woods on the other side of the stream. Immediately all attention is given that point, and shortly two men, evidently of the same race, appear, and, boarding a cance, which they find close at hand, are in a lew moments in the midst of a group of villagers, to whom they proceed to relate the details of some strange and startling adventure in which they have been participants.

A WILD ADVENTURE AHEAD.

That they are the bearers of interesting tidings is apparent from the manner in which their information is received. Every tew moments the crowd breaks in upon th story with loud shouts and wild gesticulations of delight. Suddenly the enclosing circle of men is thrust aside and a man of commanding presence makes his appearance



Rowing Up the Ohio.

in the center. He addresses the new comers in a tone of authority and they repeat their story, while the villagers stand about eyeing e man who is evidently chief of the tribe with eager curiosity.
Great, shaggy, wolf-like dogs seem to

share in the general exhilaration. They gallop back and forth along the crowded avenues, or about the dwellings of their masters, waiting their coming with the weapons which they well know means a hunt or expedition of some kind out of the ordinary. In this case the excitement manifested by the people and the care that is being taken in the preparations indicate that the matter in hand is one of unusual

On the river bank a number of men have unloosed from their moorings several large "dug-outs" that seem capable of bolding at least a score of men each, and these are quickly filled ready for departure. No novement is made, however, until the chiefthin arrives. In a few moments he comes stalking down to the shore and boarding the largest cance the party pushes off to the sound of exultant shouts of men and the deep barking of the dogs, of which each boat

UP THE PREHISTORIC ONIO.

The fleet makes its way directly across then begins a toilsome journey up the great Ohio. They keep close in and assist themselves materially by means of the reeds which grow thickly along the banks, but their progress is nevertheless very slow.

As they ascend the river the scent of in-

numerable wild blossoms is wafted from the forest, for this is the age of flowers. Oc-casionally buge turtles, six and eight feet casionally huge turtles, six and eight feet scross, are observed dropping from the sunny banks into the water at the approach of the boats, and once a number of animals, resembling in shape and size the ass of the present day, having a head something like that of a dog, and a long thick tail, almost as long as the body, were seen for a moment before they plunged into the river and swam swiftly in the direction of the other bank. This is the Anoplotherium communes.

HUGE PLYING REPTILES. Enormous birds, with wings like bats, stretching out 30 feet from tip to tip, hover in the air above the river, uttering discordant sounds as they hunt for prey. These the hunters watch very closely, as the gigantic flying reptile, named by science of the present the Pterosaur, was known to brave the prowess of men when the humor seized the prowess of men when the humor seized the prowess of men when the humor seized the prowess of them fully

it. Many other birds, some of them fully as large as the ostrich, swam about, but usually at a distance from the boats.

The sun is high in the heavens when they reach a point where the stream divides. During all this time the two men who had incited the expedition kept up a continuous run of conversation in the boat of the chief, and are now pointing excitedly in the di-rection of the point of land separating the two rivers. This was heavily wooded and flat for a short distance back—say a half a mile—and then rose up into loity hills. It

was prehistoric Pittsburg.

The hills opposite, some portions of which are rough, rugged crags without a sign of verdure, are shimmering in what seems to be a green flame of reflected heat. No log or mist of any kind is overhead to moderate That placid the temperature, but away down in the stream which southwest a heavy line of clouds is slowly rearing up behind an advanced guard of fluffy white pillows of cumuli. This is the rising storm that came every day, as certain

rushes directly at the path by which its tormentors had reached it, and goes lumbering along that passage with men and dogs after it in ull cry. For some distance the mastodon gains on its pursuers, but the last deadly wound begins to tell, and, although it continues on, the hunters gradually overhaul it. At one place it plunges blindly against a tree, one of its tremendous tusks breaking in the contact and falling to earth.

earth.
On, on it goes. The cries of the men and dogs grow more exultant as they perceive the lagging footsteps. At last it reaches the edge of the forest—an instant more and it is breast deep in water—it faces about—it can go no further. Out from the depths of the forest come the hunters. They range themselves along the shore, debating how to attack the great mammal before them. The sight now presented is a thrilling one. sight now presented is a thrilling one.

The sky has clouded over. A heavy booming, omnous roar fills the air. Awful lightnings are flashing in the black mantle

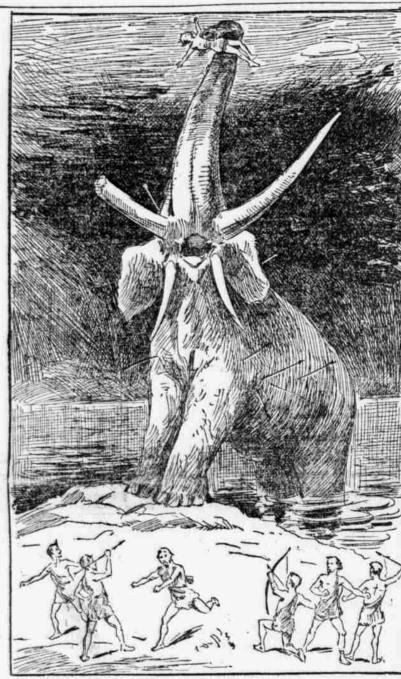
of cloud that is rushing up the valley. One of the great storms of the Miocenic age is

DEATH OF THE CHIEF. Then the chief leaps to the edge of the water facing the mastodon. He poises his big lance in air for a moment as it taking his aim and calculating the distance, and then hurls it from him with all the force at his command. But an instant it is in air shakespearian drama, much resemble the and then it is buried deep in the eye of the original hero as portrayed by the Dane.

monster.

Giving forth one awful cry of agony plunges toward the shore and before the chieftain can recover from his effort in casting his lance, he is in the grasp of the great trunk. High into the air he is uplifted and whirled round and round as if on the outer edge of a tremendous wheel, while his awestricken followers recoil from the terrible sight with loud cries of horror. Then in a as that day came in that age.

And such storms as they were, too, Nothing that could be compared to them is known



in after times; and yet these men wh are stretched lexily upon the sward do not appear to give it the slightest attention. They well know that it is to be looked for regularly, and have become inured to it as they would be to any other condition of the

In a short time, however, the chief gives the word of command and in a twinkling the great dogs are unleashed and the whole party enters the forest. This was indeed a forest that might well have inspired the observer with awe. Here were the willows, maples, poplars, hickory, beech and syca-more known to us, mingled with palm and cypress that we do not know. But most wonderful of all was the luxuriance of the various growths; a condition which was no doubt caused by the great heat of the earth's surface at that time and the tremendous rains that fell upon it. The brilliance of the foliage and flowers, and the heavy aroma which they exhaled was overpowe ing to both the sense of sight and smell, while the hearing was greeted by number less crawling and creeping sounds as the various kinds of animal life crept away through the matted growth at the approach

STRANGE LIFE OF THE FOREST. Well for the latter that a bunting path

had been cut through, for progress would dants to touch which meant to be overtiming branches; their devilish eyes fashing as they were cut to earth by the spears of the forest men. The scales of great, bright-hued lizards scintillated in the half light as they fied away. Birds of brightest plumage, insects that seemed to be jets of flame, and many other living things met the eye; in fact, the woods fairly swarmed with life. The ground is soft and soggy now, and they have not gone far before they find themselves on the edge of a swamp over which Fifth avenue now runs. swamp over which Fifth avenue now runs. Parting the interlacing branches a sight meets their eyes that would make the stout-

est heart beat with fear.

Knee-deep in water is a huge animal, the like of which modern men have never seen, Its great head is thrown back in the attitude

It is the wondrous mastodon of prehistoric ages.
So enormous is this mountain of flesh that it is remarkable that these people with their rude weapons have the hardihood to attack

it, and yet this was their very purpose here. They scatter in all directions, and soon can be seen advancing toward the animal over fallen trees, logs, etc.

In the meantime, the mastoden made no attempt to escape, for it was a dumb animal at most, and did not realize its danger. As the first man reaches a position close enough be drives an arrow deep into the great creature's flank. Instantly it wheels about, uttering ear-piercing shricks and roars. Another and another arrow, together with innumerable spears, are launched at it, while it jumps and stamps about tearing up the trees by the roots or drawing in great

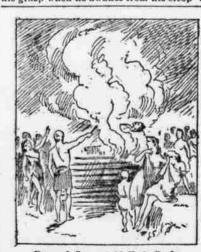
draughts of water and throwing it in air. THE MAMMOTH IN PLIGHT. Suddenly an arrow driven deeper than any heretofore, touches a vulnerable spot, and the splendid animal, maddened by pain, in ages gone,

into the water and sinks out of sight to rise

At the same instant the storm breaks and the rain pours down in an almost im-penetrable sheet. With loud lamentations he men tenderly lift the remains of their lead chieftain and retire to the shelter of

The last acti Night has fallen. The storm is at last ended, but away off to the eastward the thunder shows the direction the tempest has

taken. On the hill which to the people of modern Pittsburg to-day is known as McKee's Rocks, is a mound of earth, with a flat surface about three feet above the surrounding level. On this has been raised a heap of logs, on of which the body of the dead chief of the tribe has been laid. At his side lie his weapons of war and the chase, handy to



Funeral Pyre at McKee's Rocks. death; also the tusk of the mastodon that had been broken off in the chase through the forest. This was to indicate that he had a companion in his journey to the Great

PEACE TO HIS ASHES. Around this funeral pyre the entire tribe gathers, and to the sad, doleful chant of the death song the torch is applied, and in a short time the body of their beloved leader is reduced to ashes. When this has been completed the lamentations cease, and the ceremony is concluded with a solemn feast.

long past ages. Long, long afterward, while digging at the ioundations of one of the piers that were to support the great Point bridge, several enormous teeth of the mastodon were up-turned, one of which weighed more than

These were the scenes this wondrous val-ley of the Monongahela has witnessed in

and that Her Royal Majesty betrayed signs of slavish origin. If the British monarch was angry, he was also curious, before pro-nouncing judgment, he investigates. ORIGIN OF HAMLET.

Shakespeare Was Indebted to Saxo Grammaticus for the Tale.

AN EARLY NORSEMAN TRADITION.

Though Not So Refined as the Drams it is Very Interesting.

THE OLD DANISH WRITER'S VERSION

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. The true legend of Hamlet is buried in the obscurity of old Saxo Grammaticus' Latin. Among the earliest of Danish traditions, it forms part of the national chronicles collected by that indetatigable historian. Dating back to the days of the gods Odin and Thor, the tale itself is the most probably one of the numerous semi-myths born of the times, and dignified later on with historical characteristics of doubtful value. Nor does that melancholy, subtle-

minded, gentleman-like creation of the

The Hamlet of the latter is the true offspring of his times-bold unscrupulous, coarse and vengeful, compassing by his wits that which he could not by force, and glorying in each treacherously secured success, after the manner of all true Norse in the primitive days of the year one; whereas, the Hamlet of Shakespeare, was, as is well known, largely drawn from the modified version given by the French writer, Belle-forest, and its still more modified copy, styled "The Hystorie of Hamblet," printed

IT POINTS A MORAL.

In the former, the inceptive idea of the ghost and the incident of Ophelia, are first introduced, and the tale itself made to serve the axiom that murder will out. One or two old plays there were, also, preceding Shakespeare's time, of all of which he probably made use in molding his own particular drama. But not to enter upon these leaves arrests of the subject the original

particular drama. But not to enter upon these later aspects of the subject, the original story runs as follows:

In the days of Ruric, King of Denmark, son of Hodor, who killed Baldwin, the son of Odin, there reigned two brothers as joint Viceroys over the prevince of Jutland. One of these, Horwendil by name, slew the King of Norway in single combat, and presented King Ruric with so large a share of the Norwegian plunder that that grateful monarch forthwith bestowed upon him the hand of the royal Princess Gerutha in marhand of the royal Princess Gerutha in mar-riage. Of this marriage Hamlet was the result. Fengo, the other Viceroy, instead of rejoicing in his brother's good fortune, rises up in jealous wrath, slays him out of pure envy, and then incontinently marries the widow. Whether Gerutha was herself party to the bloody deed or not is nowhere stated; but subsequent events show her at least reconciled to the change, a state of affairs justifying other dramatic liberties ACCOUNTED FOR TO RUBIC.

Ruric, naturally enough, demands an explanation for conduct so extraordinary on the part of his Viceroy, whereupon the offending Fengo adroitly makes out a case of wife abuse on the part of the deceased, and justifies his murder on that score. In the year one, as now, Princes often found it politic not to discredit each other's word too much; and so, for reasons political, it suited King Buric to declare himself perfectly satisfied. Eengo, therefore, goes on his wicked way re-joicing.

But there was the boy Hamlet. He knew his father had been murdered—all the world knew it, for that matter, and it needed no smoke, writes Dr. Talmage in the Ladies' measy ghost to tell the tale—and Hamlet Ham. take it into his head to avenge the deed. So argued the guilty conscience of Fengo. He orders strict watch to be kept upon the doings of his promising young step-son and nephew. Kill him outright, he dared not, because of the mighty Rurie and the rough sort of justice that occasionally prevailed, even in the year one. Early conscious of this espionage, the young Prince set his wits, naturally keen, to work out a counter plot

HAMLET IN YORICK'S ROLE.

To disarm Fengo's suspicions-that was the first thing. For this he feigned the fool, and that Hamlet and Yorick were originally one and the same, there can be no manner of doubt. Hamlet's jokes and buffooneries were the daily subject of court mirth and comment, and Hamlet's eccentric conduct was regarded as proof positive of an addled Hamlet's fooleries are occasionally pointed by too much sense; the royal fratricide be ins to doubt not only his nephew's madness,

but his purpose as well.
Snares are set to force an expression of the young man's real sentiments and character—supposing, indeed, the ostensible and apparent to be merely assumed. But, warned by his foster brother—Horatio, in after days the cunning princelet evades them all. Then is arranged the interview with Gerutha, an obliging courtier concealing himself beneath the straw on the floor of the royal apartment -carpets and tapestry alike being unknown istener to the revelations naturally exp in a private interview between the Prince

THE END OF POLONIOUS.

"But the sharp eyes of Hamlet at once see something suspicious in that particular pile of straw in the corner, and true to his character of fool, he immediately jumps upon it and dances thereon, crowing like a ock in the meanwhile, much to the discomfort of the complaisant spy beneath. Something moves, of course, and Hamlet's sword is run through that something in a thrice. Vale, Polonious! The dutiful son of his father then proceeds to read his mother a lecture, "marked," says our translator, "by a ruffianly coarseness which could not be ex-ceeded, and of which Shakespeare gives not the slightest hint." This done, he boils down the limbs of the murdered man, and throws them to the pigs, a deed of which he

openly boasts.

Fengo, now thoroughly alarmed, concocts the plan of sending him to his death in England. A couple of noble sycophants—Resencrantz and Guildenstern, if you like—are detailed as bearers of a wooden billet, the feature of those days. the fashionable stationary of those days, engraved with a message to His British Majesty asking that he would, as a neighborly act of courtesy, kindly dispatch the young man Hamlet, as a person dangerous like to state and crown.

THE TABLES TURNED. As is preserved in the modern play, that cunning prince abstracts the billet en route, and substitutes another requesting that his two traveling companions be instantly put to death and that the King of Britain also obligingly bestow the hand of his royal daughter upon Hamlet in marriage. England, contra the popularized tale, is safely eached by all concerned, and the fateful billet delivered by the unsuspecting Danes. Pending the execution the British King gives a great feast in honor of his guest. Hamlet now drops the role of fool and undertakes that of a man wise above his fellows. At this particular banquet he obstinately refuses to eat or drink. His royal host naturally seeks explanation for conduct so eccentric, not to say discourteous.

Messengers are dispatched for the why and mine pounds, and they wondered how they came there. At McKee's Rocks there are to-day remains of a historic village. Among them have been found charred bits of human bone, indicating many a funeral pyre in ages gone.

W. G. KAUFMANN,

Messengers are dispatched for the why and the wherefore, and Hamlet coolly tells them that the bread was stained with blood; that the water tasted of iron, and that the meat smelt like a human corpse. As a gratuitous piece of information, he moreover in ages gone. MINES OF SOLOMON.

Mashonaland's Prehistoric Remains AN O'ER TRUE TALE.

He found that the bread was the product of wheat grown on a bloody battlefield; that rusty swords were in the well from whence the water was drawn; that the meat was the flesh of hogs that had tasted human flesh; that he himself, much to his own surprise, was the son of a serf, and that his royal spouse was almost equally unfortunate as to origin. Hamlet's reputation is made. Delighted with the wit and wisdom of his guest, the King forthwith bestows upon him the hand of his daughter in marriage, and strings up the unfortunate companious de voyage on the same day. Tell a Wonderful Story.

FURNACES FOR PRECIOUS GOLD.

Evidences That it Was the Land of Ophir of the Phonicious.

HAGGARD'S DREAMS MAY COME TRUB voyage on the same day.

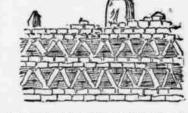
A year's sojourn in England determines

Hamlet to revisit Jutland. He arrives in
time to break in on the celebration of his

What a strangely potent magic there is to the children of a modern civilization in all that concerns those more ancient ones which have had their day and ceased to be ages before our own was An African Cryptogram, heard of, says the

Pall Mall Budget. As a vein of romance it s inexhaustible. In "Salammbo," in the 'Last Days of Pompeli," in Mr. Rider Haggard's subterranean creations, it is the same old spell which arrests the fancy. Relies of the power and pride of immemorial peoples whom the earth knows no more have an equal charm for the antiquarian and the man in the street.

To this, we suspect, almost equally with more substantial attractions, is due the general interest in the work of the British South Africa Company. Mashonaland is a vast and rich possession; the Matabele are a fierce and interesting race of savages, and the name of gold is now as ever a talisman



Ornamental Courses in a Zimbaye Wall

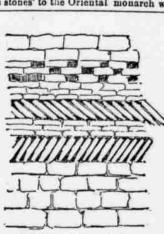
o conjure with. But what an added luster the expedition gains when the scene of its labors is identified with the Land of Ophir and the object of its search with the real King Solomon's Mines! And whether that particular identification of the remains which strew this barbarous country be well founded or not, there the remains areancient, massive, mysterious, contrasting in startling fashion with the primitive barba-rians who dwell about them and with the ungly wildness of surrounding nature. MAUCH'S STORIES CONFIRMED.

Each stone in them is, as it were, a mute Each stone in them is, as it were, a mute challenge, a petrified inquiry; and the curiosity aroused in 1871 by the descriptions of the German traveler, Mauch, whom the learned world has half suspected of romaneing, will receive a keen stimulus from the accounts in which the pioneers of the Chartered Company now confirm and amplify his observations. Can we ever read the riddle of these stones are applied to the chartery of the confirmant of dle of these stony sphinxes of Mashenaland of which the public man now, for the first time, form a clear idea? So far, the only clew we have is that of which our special correspondent lately wrote as follows:
"Who were they, these soldier-workmen

"Who were they, these soldier-workmen of a vanished civilization, and at whose bidding did they force their way into this barbarous place to dig for gold? . . . The country is dotted with strange broken relics of their work. The furnaces which they built to smelt the ore, the strong round keeps which they raised against the alarms of some besetting foe, the great stones in which they scored an undecipherable characters.

THE RECORD OF THEIR LABORS perhaps the clew to their prize-these things access to a tobacco store. As the lid of the remain and move the awe of the Matabele and his Mashona vassal. . . 'And they came to Ophir, and fetched from thence long, narrow, fragrant box opened, and for gold, 420 talents, and brought it to King Solomon.' Now the weight of gold that

came to King Solomon in one year was 666 talents of gold." The eigar did not burn well; it required an amount of suction that tasked our de-The mysterious folk who have imprinted on Mashonaland the traces of an aucient quest for gold were none other, so the learned have conjectured, than those quick, adventurous Phonicians who, in the days when the Red Sea was the Mediterranean of ancient commerce, and the Mediterranean its Atlantic, brought 'gold of Ophir, fine gold,' and 'great plenty of almus trees and pre-cious stones' to the Oriental monarch whose



A Wall on the Lundi River

agnificence is still a proverb upon modern lips. To-day, then, the Englishman is in land of Ophir. . . opening afresh the treasure house of antiquity, equipped with resources of which the dest Phonician never oped into a liar, but an economical and selfcontained one, never throwing away the least unnecessary fib, and never hesitating at the blackest, if it were only plausible.

dreamed.

MAY VINDICATE HAGGARD. It may be that he will come upon such relics among the abandoned workings as will throw a new light upon the story of his predecessors, and re-write a page of the world's history. It may be even that he will stumble into chambers of subterranean wealth such as Mr. Haggard has imagined, secured with labyrinths like those of the Pyramids, with sliding stones, and all the appropriate witcheraft of an age when human life and human labor were of no ac-

COUNTERFEITING STAMPS.

t is a Regular Business in Germany and th Collectors Suffer.

Stamps are not counterfeited for the pur-

are cancelled, the inexperienced believing that the cancellation marks are infallible indications of genuineness.

The rarer stamps are not often counterfeited, as those who buy them generally possess enough knowledge to detect anything but the best executed imitation. The counterfeits are usually printed from cheap wood are said are used to make any are read to make any area. are certain men who have a high reputation as detectors of counterfeits, and suyone who obtains a rare stamp of the authenticity of which he is doubtful sends it to one of them



A NOVEL DEALING WITH LIFE IN LONDON AND EGYPT, (WHITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH)

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

Being the First Serial Story From the Pen of the Gifted Young Author of "Soldiers Three," and Many Other Popular Sketches of Army Experiences in India.

CHAPTER I. IN CHILDHOOD'S TENDER YEARS.

ve settled it all when the storm was done, As comf'y as comf'y could be: and I was to wait in the barn, my dears, Because I was only three, And Teddy would run to the rainbow's foot. Because he was five and a man; And that's how it all began, my dears,

And that's how it all began,

And that's how it all began,

—Big Barn Stories, "What do you think she'd do if she caught us? We oughtn't to have it, you know," said Maisie.

"Best me, and lock you up in your bedoom," Dick answered, without hesitation. 'Have you got the cartridges?"

"Yes; they're in my pocket, but they are oggling horribly. Do pin-fire cartriages go off of their own accord?" "Don't know. Take the revolver, if you

are atraid, and let me carry them."
"I'm not afraid." Maisie strode forward wittly, a hand in her pocket and her chin in the air. Dick followed with a small pin-

The children had discovered that their lives would be unendurable without pistol practice. After much forethought and selfdenial, Dick had saved 7 shillings and 6 pence, the price of a badly-constructed Belrian revolver. Maisie could only con- It could only be used on the muddlest foretribute half a crown to the syndicate for the shore of the beach, far away from bathing-

to play into each other's hands as they pre-pared lies for Mrs. Jennett's use. When Dick returned to school Maisie whispered, "Now I shall be all alone to take care of myself; but," and she nodded her head bravely, "I can do it. You promised to send Amomma a grass collar. Send it soon." A week later she asked for that col-lar by return of post and was not pleased when she learned that it took time to make. When at last Dick forwarded the gift she forgot to thank him for it.

orgot to thank him for it.

Many holidays had come and gone since Many holidays had come and gone since that day, and Dick had grown into a lanky hobbledehoy more than ever conscious of his bad clothes. Not for a moment had Mrs. Jennett relaxed her tender care of him, but the average canings of a public school—Dick fell under punishment about three times a month—filled him with contempt for her powers. "She doesn't hurt," he explained to Main have to be the contempt of the form of the contempt of the form of the contempt to Main the Main the contempt to Main the Main the Contempt to Main the M plained to Maisie, who urged him to re-bellion, "and she is kinder to you after she has whacked me." Dick shambled through the days unkept in body and savage in soul, as the smaller boys of the school learned to know, for when the spirit moved him he would hit them, cunningly and with science. The same spirit made him more than once try to tense Maisie, but the girl refused to be made unnappy. "We are both miserable as it is," said she. "What is the use of trying to make things worse? Let's find things to do and togething."

do, and forget things."

The pistol was the outcome of that search.



THE ARAB ATTACK ON THE HOLLOW SQUARE.

purchase of 100 cartridges, "You can save machines and pier-heads, below the grassy better than I can, Dick," she explained; slopes of Fort Keeling. The tide ran out 'I like nice things to eat, and it doesn't nearly two miles on that coast, and the matter to you. Besides, boys ought to do many-colored mud-banks, touched by the hese things." sun, sent up a lamentable smell of dead weed. It was late in the afternoon when Dick grumbled a little at the arrange-

ment, but went out and made the purchases,

which the children were then on their way

to test. Revolvers did not lie in the scheme

that might make his life a little easier. The

treatment taught him at least the power o

him when he went to a public school and the boys laughed at his clothes, which were

poor in quality and much mended. In the holidays he returned to the teachings of

Mrs. Jennett, and, that the chain of disci-

pline might not be weakened by association

with the world, was generally beaten, on one count or another, before he had been 12

The autumn of one year brought him s

companion in bondage, a long-haired, gray-eyed little atom, as self-contained as him-self, who moved about the house silently

and for the first few weeks spoke only to the goat that was her chiefest friend on earth and lived in the back garden. Mrs. Jennett

objected to the goat on the grounds that he

objected to the goat on the grounds that he was un-Christian—which he certainly was. "Then," said the atom, choosing her words very deliberately, "I shall write to my law-yer-peoples and tell them that you are a very bad woman. Amomma is mine, mine, mine!" Mrs. Jennett made a movement to the hall, where certain umbrellas and canes stood in a rack. The atom understood as slearly as Dick what this mean. "I have clearly as Dick what this mean."

clearly as Dick what this meant. "I have

the stom, after a pause to assure herself that danger of war was past, went out to

weep bitterly on Amomma's neck.

Dick learned to know her as Maisie, and at first mistrusted her profoundly, for he feared that she might interfere with the

small liberty of action left to him. She did

been beaten before," she said, still in the

hours under her roof.

iving alone-a power that was of service to

wonder what makes the sea so smelly. I of their daily life as decreed for them by don't like it." the guardian who was incorrectly supposed "You never like anything that isn't made to stand in the place of a mother to these just for you," said Dick, bluntly. "Give me the cartridges, and I'll try first shot. two orphans. Dick had been under her How far does one of these little revolvers care for six years, during which time she carry? had made her profit of the allowances sup-"Oh, half a mile," said Maisie, promptly. posed to be expended on his clothes, and, "At least it makes an awall noise. partly through thoughtlessness, partly careful with the cartridges; I don't like those jagged stick-up things on the rim. Dick, do be careful."

"All right. I know how to load. I'll through a natural desire to pain-she was a widow of some years anxious to marry again-had made his days burdensome on fire at the breakwater out there."
He fired, and Amomma ran away bleat his young shoulders. Where he had looked for love, she gave him first aversion and ing. The bullet threw up a spurt of mud to the right of the weed-wreathed piles. then hate. Where he, growing older, had sought a little sympathy, she gave him "Throws high and to the right. You try, Maisie. Mind, it's loaded all round." ridicule. The many hours that she could Maisie took the pistol and stepped delispare from the ordering of her small house cately to the verge of the mud, she devoted to what she called the home firmly closed on the butt, her left eye and training of Dick Heldar. Her religion, mouth screwed up. Dick sat down on a tuft of bank and laughed. Amomms remanufactured in the main by her own intelligence and an ardent study of the turned very cautiously. He was accustomed Scriptures, was an aid to ber in this to strange experiences in his afternoon matter. At such times as she herself walks, and, finding the cartridge-box unguarded, made investigations with his nose. Maisie fired, but could not see where the was not personally displeased with Dick, she left him to understand that he had a builet went. heavy account to settle with his Creator; "I think it hit the post," she said, shad-

> "I know it has gone out to the Marision Bell Buoy," said Dick, with a chuckle. "Fire low and to the left; then perhaps you'll get it. Oh, look at Amomma!-he's eating the cartridges!"
>
> Maisie turned the revolver in her hand

ing her eyes and looking out across the sail-

Dick and Maisie arrived on their ground,

Amomma trotting patiently behind. "Mf !" said Maisie, sniffing the air.

just in time to see Amomma scampering away from the pebbles Dick threwafter him. Nothing is sacred to a billy-goat. Being well-fed and the adored of his mistre Amomma had naturally swallowed two loaded pin-fire cartridges. Maisie hurried up to assure herself that Dick had not misounted the tale.

"Yes, he's eaten two." "Horrid little beast! Then they'll joggle about inside him and blow up, and serve him right. "Oh, Dick! have I killed

Revolvers are tricky things for young hands to deal with. Maisie could not ex-plain how it had happened, but a veil of recking smoke separated her from Dick, and she was quite certain that the pistol had gone off in his face. Then she heard him sputter, and dropped on her knees beside him. crying, "Dick, you aren't hurt, are you? I didu't mean it."

"Ot course you didn't," said Dick, emerging from the smoke and wining his cheek. 'But you nearly blinded me. That powder stuff stings awfully.' A neat little splash of gray lead on a stone showed where the builet had gone. Maisie began to whimper. "Don't," said Dick, jumping to his feet and shaking himself. "I'm not a bit

"No, but I might have killed you," pro-tested Maisie, the corners of her mouth drooping. "What should I have done drooping.

"Gone home and told Mrs. Jennett." "Gone home and told Mrs. Jennett."
Dick grinned at the thought; then, softening, "Please don't worry about it. Besides,
we are wasting time. We've got to get back
to tea. I'll take the revolver a bit."
"Malsie would have wept on the least encouragement, but Dick's indifference, albeit his hand was shaking as he picked up the pistol, restrained her. She lay panting on the beach while Dick methodically bombarded the breakwater. "Got it at last!"

not, however, and she volunteered no friendliness until Dick had taken the first steps.
Long before the holidays were over the
stress of punishment shared in common
drove the children together, if it were enly.

The beach white Dick methodscary both
harded the breakwater. "Got it at last"
the wood,
"Let me try," said Maisie, imperiously.
"I'm sil right now." They fired in turns

He's Had Enough.

Detroit Free Press.] Russell Sage is quoted as saying: "I never lent a dollar which was returned me unless legally secured. I never backed a note I didn't have to pay, and I never recommended a man for a situation who didn't turn out to be as mean as he could. I now let other men run the philanthropy

mmortality.

wherefore Dick learned to loathe his God as intensely as he loathed Mrs. Jennett; and this is not a wholesome trame of mind for the young. Since she chose to regard him as a hopeless liar, when dread of pain drove him to his first untruth, he naturally devel

At least, before many years are out, we may expect to see the image of Queen Vic-toria stamped on the gold with which King Solomon overlaid his ivory throne and wreathed the cedar pillars of his Temple.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

pose of being used to transmit letters through the mails, but to be sold to collectors. Germany is the headquarters for this business, as in that country at least a score of men make their living by manufacturing and same passionless voice; "I have been beaten worse than you can ever beat me. If you beat me I shall write to my lawyer-peoples and tell them that you do not give me enough to eat. I am not atraid of you."

Mrs. Jennett did not go into the hall, and selling spurious stamps. Some are sold as unused stamps, but probably the majority are cancelled, the inexperienced believing

cuts, and are used to make up packages to be sold to boys. Among collectors there